

Washington University in St. Louis

## Washington University Open Scholarship

---

Eliot

University Archives

---

1-1939

### Washington University Eliot

Washington University Eliot, St. Louis, Missouri

Follow this and additional works at: <https://openscholarship.wustl.edu/eliot>

---

#### Recommended Citation

Washington University Eliot, St. Louis, Missouri, "Washington University Eliot" (January 1939). *Eliot*. 57.  
<https://openscholarship.wustl.edu/eliot/57>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the University Archives at Washington University Open Scholarship. It has been accepted for inclusion in Eliot by an authorized administrator of Washington University Open Scholarship. For more information, please contact [digital@wumail.wustl.edu](mailto:digital@wumail.wustl.edu).



674  
**ELIOT**



LIBRARY  
OF  
WASHINGTON  
UNIVERSITY  
ST. LOUIS - MO.

**FRI. 13<sup>TH</sup>**

HELEN  
ALICUT



# Let up before your nerves get Tired, Tense

## GREYHOUND

Swift, graceful, and remarkably wise. Ancient Egyptian and Greek royalty stamped him as a symbol of aristocracy. Distinguished lines and proud bearing can be found on Egyptian carvings dating to 3500 B. C. Racing has made this breed popular in the U.S.

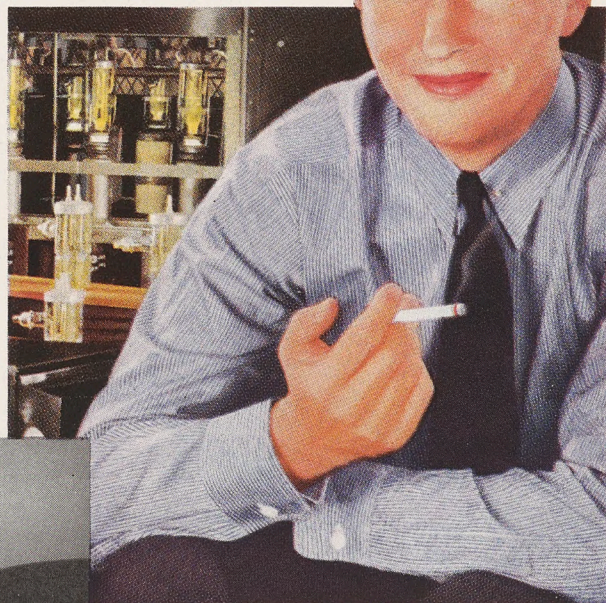


HE'S GIVING HIS  
NERVES A REST...

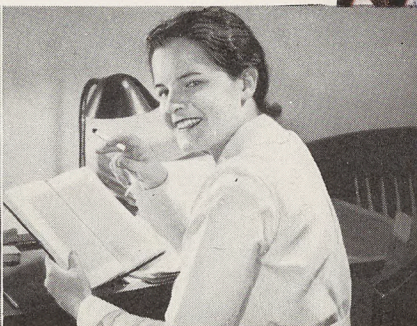
AND SO IS HE

IT'S thrilling to watch the flashing greyhound in full flight. But it's *important* to note that when the race is over he rests—as the greyhound above is doing now. Though the dog's highly keyed nervous system closely resembles our own, the dog *relaxes instinctively!* Life as it is today leads us to ignore fatigued nerves. We carry on despite increasing tension, strain. Be kind to your nerves if you want them to be kind to you. Pause a while, now and then. LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL! Let the frequent enjoyment of Camel's mild, ripe tobaccos help you take life more calmly, pleasantly, profitably!

These busy, happy folks give their nerves a chance—they "Let up—Light up a Camel"



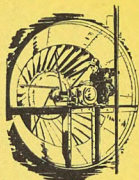
A SOUND ENGINEER controls the complicated equipment which puts a radio program "on the air." You'll find many a Camel smoker in this nerve-straining profession.



**SALESMAN JOHN K. SPEER** finds Camels good partners in his business. "On my job, I can't afford tense nerves," says Mr. Speer, "so I ease nerve strain often. I let up and light up a Camel. A pause and a Camel gives me a swell sense of well-being."

**X-RAY TECHNICIAN Audrey D. Covert** says: "My work requires great concentration. Naturally, it's a strain on the nerves. My simple, pleasant method for avoiding ragged, upset nerves is to rest now and then, and let up and light up a Camel."

DID YOU  
KNOW?



—that tobacco is remarkably sensitive to moisture? That at one stage, practically all the moisture is removed from cigarette tobacco, and just the proper amount restored for manufacturing purposes? That there are more than 40 huge air-conditioning machines where Camels are made? Camel spends millions to preserve the mildness and richness of finer, more expensive tobaccos.



Smoke 6 packs of Camels and find out why they are the **LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA**

# LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL!

Smokers find Camel's Costlier Tobaccos are SOOTHING TO THE NERVES

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



# ELIOT

Editor-in-Chief  
Aaron Hotchner '40

Managing Editor  
L. W. Triefenbach '39

Wally Mead, Lit. Ed.  
Louise Lampert, Assoc. Ed.  
Louis Gottschalk  
George C. Smith  
Frances Choate  
Marjorie Sebastian  
Melvin Marx

Helene Callicotte, Art Ed.  
Hi. Neuwoehner, Assoc. Art Ed.  
Mary Anne Chiles  
Al Koken  
Jim von Brunn  
Dave Boyd, Photog. Ed.  
Jules Schweig  
Haines & Weber

Business Manager  
Carroll Donohue '39

Betty Budke, Assoc. Mgr.  
Sally Alexander, Assoc. Mgr.  
Peggy Woodlock, Subscriptions  
Betty Kentzler  
Bette Camp  
Jane Bonnell, Ex. Ed.

Co-Sales Captains  
Cordelia See  
Mary Alt

## CONTENTS FOR JANUARY, 1939

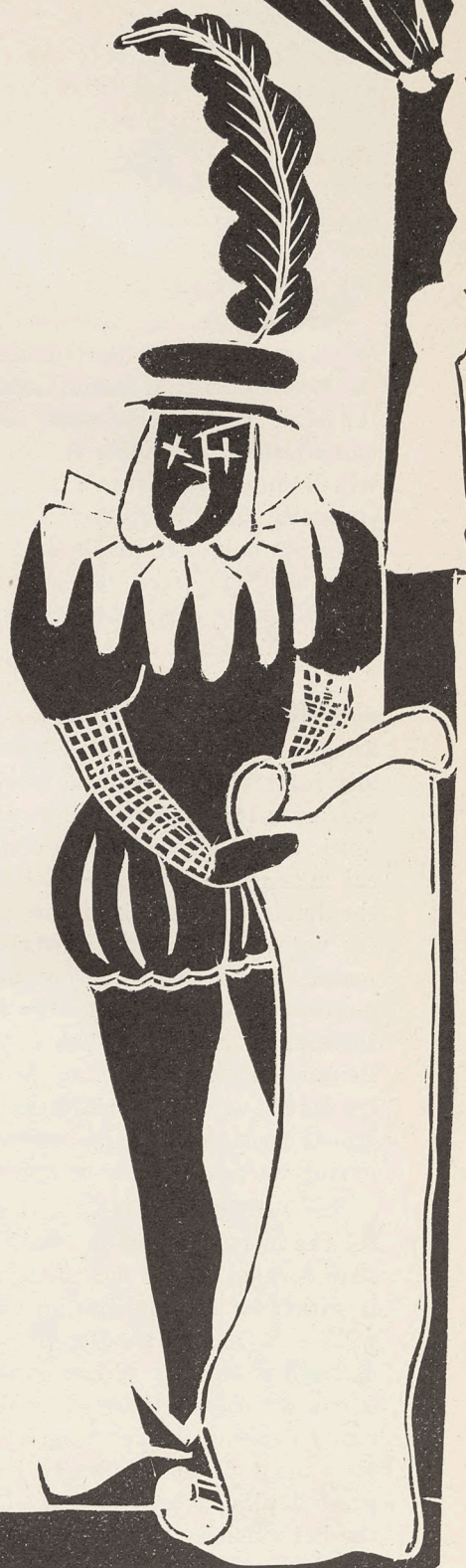
L. M. TOUGH, III—Swing.....	Page 2
AARON HOTCHNER—Immortality and the Queen.....	Page 5
The Towers and the Town.....	Page 6
JANE BIESTERFELDT—We're Not Superstitious.....	Page 8
GEORGE C. SMITH—Paradise Lost.....	Page 9
L. W. TRIEFENBACH—Flicker.....	Page 10
Monkey Chatter .....	Page 11
W. U. Men Pick the Ideal Co-ed.....	Page 12
LOUISE LAMPERT—Heads and Tails.....	Page 14
MELVIN MARX—One Night in New York.....	Page 16
Hen-House Forum .....	Page 17

Cover by Helene Callicotte

National Advertising: Associated Students Advertising Bureau  
Ken Davey—Director

Material must not be reprinted without permission

Washington University Eliot, Skinker and Lindell, St. Louis, Mo. Vol. 6, No. 4,  
January, 1939. Price \$1.00 a year, 15c a copy. The Eliot is published monthly except  
in June, July, August and September. Entered as second-class matter, under Act of  
March 3, 1879, at the Post Office, St. Louis, Mo.





# SWING

**S**WING MUSIC, hot music, jazz—it's one and the same thing, widely known, but little understood. Swing music is an art, and as in most art, the real article is buried under an avalanche of poor material. Swing, like poetry, is one of those things that no one can define, but to quote from *Life*: "All definitions agree that Swing is based on: 1) a driving but fluid and unmechanical rhythm over which 2) soloists improvise as they play."

Most people hear only the song itself when they hear music, not the different parts that each instrumental section is playing all at the same time. The average listener doesn't know or particularly care what musical instruments are used in a band, nor can he recognize the different instruments by sight and sound. Yet this is the key to the enjoyment of hot music, or any other kind of music.

Furthermore, the listener has definite tastes in music, for the most part instinctive ones which are the result of man's musical education down through the ages. He likes his music soft and sweet with the melody always in sight. Along comes a type of music which may but doesn't always conform to these standards and the listener's tastes, operating in one direction only, are insulted. So he revolts, shouting from the housetops, "It isn't music, just a noise!" The difficulty comes because he just doesn't understand what he has heard.

The standards of this young and vital music are entirely different from those that have long been accepted. Mr. Average Listener may not be especially interested in classical music, but it more closely conforms to his ideas. Now classical music and hot music are at opposite ends of the see-saw. In classical music the composer and his brain-child are in the dominant role. The orchestra plays only the written notes and no more; instrumental solos are very scarce. In hot music the orchestra and its individual instrumental soloists are the main attraction, with the composer and his music in the back seat. Hugues Panassie, French critic and world's foremost authority on hot music, writes in his book *Hot Jazz*: "To ignore the talent of the orchestra in jazz is like ignoring the talent of the composer in classical music."

The hot musician feels that no matter how beautiful the melody, there is something beyond the rigid path formed by the written notes. So he transforms it, either by improvising on the original tune or by writing a new arrangement. Improvising may be defined as the act of composing and playing a set of musical ideas, these ideas either based on the already existing theme or entirely new. In both cases they must fit harmonically into the musical background played by the rest of the orchestra. Thus, the hot musician must not only be a great technician on his particular instrument like the good classical musician, but also he must be blessed with a rich

assortment of musical ideas. It is little wonder that for every great hot musician there are scores of poor ones.

In the makeup of a swing band there are no set rules concerning the number of men. The big bands usually have fourteen or fifteen men, while the smaller ones have seven or eight. Every band has two sections, the rhythm and the melodic. The rhythm section's function, as the name implies, is to set the tempo while the melodic section plays the theme. The rhythm section usually consists of piano, guitar, drums, and string bass. The melodic section may be subdivided into the brass and reed sections, the brass containing three trumpets and two or three trombones, and the reed three or four saxophones, usually two altos and two tenors, with at least one or more men doubling on the baritone sax and clarinet. Thus, the average band contains fourteen men.

The ideal hot band, however, as far as size is concerned, is smaller, with six or eight men, a full rhythm section and two to four men in the melodic section. There can be more solos in a small group of this sort and there is less need for arranged ensemble work.

Phonograph records are of course the best medium for preserving the work of the great hot musicians. If the listener had to depend upon hearing them in person, he would probably hear very few. So anyone interested in hot music invariably becomes a record collector. Many of the best hot records are not made by regular, organized bands but what is called a "pick-up" band, that is, a band made up of men from different bands who are invited to the studio for a recording date. They rehearse a little, make a few records, and then go their separate ways.

The best known records of this type are those on Brunswick under the title, "Teddy Wilson and his Orchestra," and those on Victor by "Lionel Hampton and his Orchestra." These two men are the dusky members of Benny Goodman's famous trio and quartette, and are rated the best on their respective instruments, piano and vibraphone. Hampton is also a fine drummer. At one time or another these men have had most of the great hot musicians in their recording bands. No color lines are drawn in these groups and the personnels may contain both whites and Negroes. Several attempts have been made to organize a full-sized composite band, but unfortunately the public wouldn't support it. Benny Goodman has gone farther than the rest, but Hampton and Wilson do not play in the band itself, only in the trio and quartette. By way of illustration, here is the personnel for Brunswick 7917, Teddy Wilson and his Orchestra playing "Yours and Mine" and "Sun Showers:"

Piano: Teddy Wilson

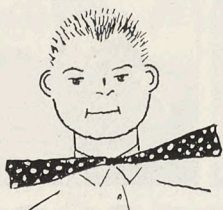
String Bass: Artie Bernstein (N.B.C. Studios, N.Y.)

Guitar: Allen Reuss (formerly with Goodman, now with P. Whiteman)

(Continued on page 24)



# FLASHY FASHIONS



AMERICAN  
(H) AIRLINE



NUMBER 1  
ON THE ROW



GLORIFIED WHISKBROOM

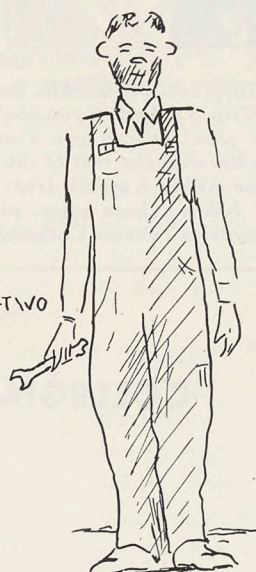


PAGE BOY  
AND  
BUTTONS



THE UPWARD  
TREND IN  
HAIR

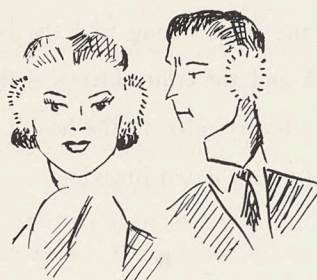
ALEXANDER'S  
BIG-ENOUGH-FOR-TWO  
SWEATER



NOT A JANITOR  
AN ENGINEER



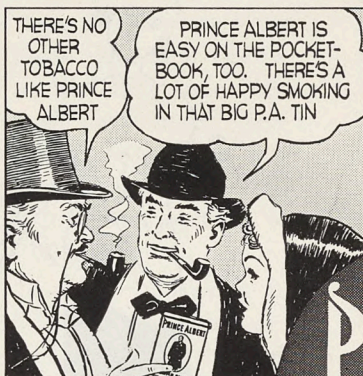
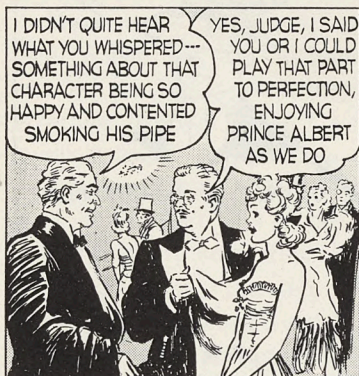
AND  
SKIRTS



CONVERSATIONAL HANDI-CAPS

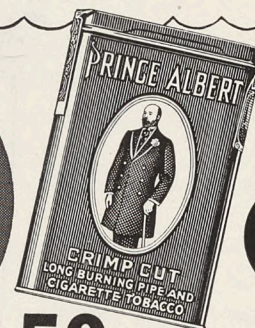
A. Koken





PRINCE ALBERT **SMOKES SLOWER, COOLER, FELLOWS,** WITH **RIPE, RICH TASTE.** IT'S **CHOICE TOBACCO** WITH THE **BITE REMOVED**

**PRINCE ALBERT**  
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



**SO MILD!**

THE BIG **2** OUNCE RED TIN

**50** pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

**P. A. MONEY-BACK OFFER.** Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.

## COLLEGIAN'S VERSION OF MASEFIELD'S "SEA FEVER"

(To be recited the night preceding finals)

I

I must go back to my books again, to  
my lonely books and dry,  
And all I ask is a tall beer and a sand-  
wich to tide me by;  
And the wind's song and the beer's  
kick and the white foam's shaking,  
And a bleary mist on the book's face  
and a grey dawn breaking.

II

I must go back to my books again, for  
the call of the final exam  
Is a wild call and a clear call that  
does not give a damn;  
And all I ask is half a chance to do a  
little cribbing,  
With cuff notes and fingernail notes  
and my neighbor's scribbling.

III

I must go back to my books again to  
the stuffy scholar's life,  
To the grind's way and the stooge's  
way where there's always continual  
strife:  
And all I ask is a left over copy of  
last year's final test,  
And then when my long study's over,  
sweet dreams and quiet rest.  
---And Heaven help me tomorrow!

Ray Cox.



## IMMORTALITY AND THE QUEEN

THE fraternity house was very quiet that afternoon; we were just sitting around the living room half studying, half listening to the recorded gyrations of Artie Shaw and his up-and-coming swing aggregation.

"Big dance tonight."

"Yeah? Where?"

"Dunno. Engine School prom."

"Probably in some rat hole, then."

The four of us are lawyers.

Bob squirmed in his chair, obviously thinking about the dance. Then: "Guess it'll be just another prom, huh?"

"Yeah, I guess," Hank answered.

"Y'know, it wouldn't have to be."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that a prom without a queen is different."

"But they're going to have a queen—the candidates' pictures were in the paper today."

"Sure, but what if she didn't show up?"

A moment of silence and then Bud replied: "If you're thinking of kidnapping the queen you're nuts. They've been trying it ever since my Grandpa got his LL.B. Relax and brief some cases."

"Okay. I just thought since I know who the queen is—"

All of us sat up.

"Hey—do you really know?"

"Sure. But, of course, if you don't want to—"

"Now, wait a minute, Bob. We had no idea that you knew who the queen was. Just think—what if we could really cop the queen! We'd be immortal." Bob pounded his fist into his palm.

The four of us tossed our books aside and sat forward. Bob had evidently worked the whole thing out already.

"Well, look, fellows, quite accidentally I found out that Betsy Reinning is to be the Queenie."

"And boy, is she gullible!"

"Right. Now the big problem is to get her out of her house or

wherever she is without her suspecting anything."

I had a plan. "How about pictures? We could say we were from the papers and wanted a shot of her standing in front of Brookings or someplace."

Everybody liked the idea and so we galvanized into action. Bud dashed off to dig up some cameras and photography paraphernalia; Bob's uncle had a Meramec clubhouse ideal for hiding her Queenship and Bob went to see that everything was in order out there; Hank hurried home to get his car.

To me fell the job of finding the Queen and making the appointment with her. I had heard a little about Betsy Reinning: she was a small, pretty girl who had come up to school from Savannah, and from the best of authority I had heard that she possessed the most appealing line on campus. I also remembered hearing a report that she had a very quick, fiery temper. I felt a little jittery as I dialed the phone; no, Betsy was not at home and no one had any idea where she was.

I looked up the number of her sorority phone.

"Hello, is Miss Betsy Reinning there?" I asked in a very officious voice.

"This is she talkin'."

"This is Manders of the Post, Miss Reinning. We'd like to get a picture of you for the Sunday paper." Whenever I use an assumed name, "Manders" is my favorite.

"Shhh! No one is 'sposed to know, Mistah Mandehs."

"I know, but we're always told in advance so we can get the picture in the Sunday section. Don't worry, your secret is safe with me. Could I come by and get you in about ten minutes? I'd like to take a few shots of you in front of the Towers."

"Well, I guess so, if you're sure it's all right."

Ten minutes later we were on our way out to the Women's Building. We couldn't afford to take a

chance on Betsy recognizing any of us from seeing us around campus, so we enlisted the services of a friend of Bud's who worked in the corner drug store. We got out of the car down the road from the Women's Building and Bud's friend, fully equipped with photography supplies, drove on alone.

Five minutes later we saw the car coming back down the road, and in the front seat was Betsy Reinning. The scheme had worked. We were on our way to immortality.

We pretended like we were hitching a ride and so Betsy suspected nothing when we all packed into the car. Bud sat up front with Betsy. When we zipped past Brookings, Betsy demanded to know what we were up to—and Bud told her.

I expected Betsy to blow up, start screaming, beat Bud on the chest, and try to open the door; she did none of these. She merely said, "Oh," folded her hands in her lap, and watched the scenery. We dropped Bud's friend off at the drug store and proceeded on our way.

About four o'clock we reached the club house, a cozy, two story affair, that looked like most of the other club houses along the Meramec. Betsy hadn't spoken a word during the entire ride, but after she had taken off her coat and looked around the small living room, she said, "I guess it's rather a cute idea, after all. Have any other Queens ever been kidnapped?"

"Oh, one or two, but they always managed to get back in time for the crowning."

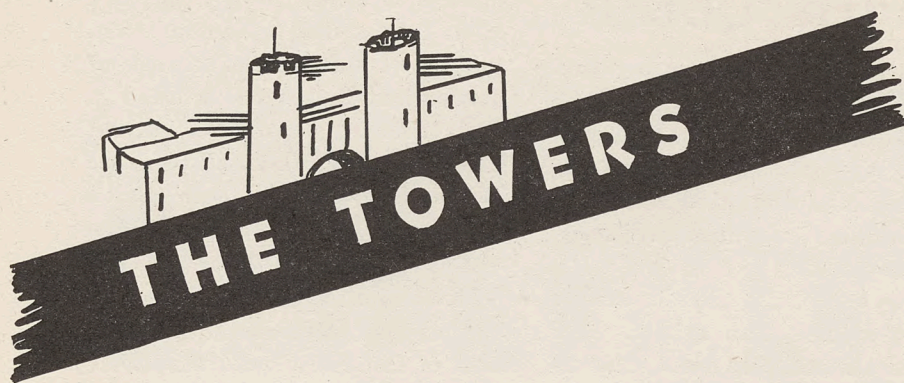
"And I'm not?" Two large brown eyes opened very wide.

"No, you're not. You're to be the first Queen in history that missed her coronation."

The afternoon passed quickly and Bob brought in a supper from somewhere. Betsy seemed to forget about her coronation and we heard all about Savannah and the rest of the South. She was very cute, very cute indeed.

(Continued on page 19)





### Friday 13th

Always having the welfare of the student body at heart, **Eliot** wants to issue a few warnings on such an ominous day. Nothing may happen, nothing really serious, but it's best to be careful. So don't read **Eliot** while soaking in the tub; you may go to sleep and drown yourself. And don't decide to shave with that new electric razor or curl your bangs while taking your health plunge; such things keep newspapers in stories. Watch what you eat; statistics will show that indigestion often leads to worse complications. Don't smoke too much; even if someone tells you it's a pleasant way to die. Don't study too ardently or worry about the finals; nervous wrecks are becoming so numerous that the Government may start shooting them. Don't drive too fast; undertakers love speed demons. And don't put anything in writing; both old sweethearts and professors can hold it against you.

### Thyrsus—Quad Club

People are still wondering just what the whole Thyrsus-Quad Club fracas was all about. They are aware that the trouble is now settled and they are also dimly aware that O.D.K. and Student Council refused to take a job that they were offered. For a time there was even hard feeling against the administration and the sponsors of the organizations.

The trouble all started with a Saturday night performance of **The Ghost of Yankee Doodle**. Concerning the behavior of the audience at that performance, we had this to say in the December **Eliot**:

"Saturday night was very different. Joe College arrived at the theatre. A few fraternity cliques sat en masse, whistled at the embraces, wisecracked during the performance, and generally behaved like a first year high school audience. Whether those fellows came because they thought they were giving Thyrsus a break or whether they came because it was a cheap 70¢ date, really isn't important—what is important is the fact that young men can reach college age and still act like polytechnic morons.

"This criticism does not, of course, pertain to the majority of students who conduct themselves properly in an audience, but we are judged by the few, not the many."

Thyrsus and Quad Club audiences had behaved like this many times before and such response is really heart-breaking to the boys and girls who put in months of rehearsal on a particular production. Dr. MacKenzie felt, therefore, that something definite should be done about the situation and that it was not fair either to the spirit of campus dramatics or to the participants themselves to let such an attitude persist. He appealed to O.D.K. and Student Council and asked those organizations whether they would undertake the job of seeing to it that no similar disturbances would occur in the future.

O.D.K. understood that it was being asked to act as monitors at student productions and flatly refused such a job. This, in substance, was O.D.K.'s reply: "If it is necessary, in order to run student performances, to police the

students in the audience, then student performances should not be given. When people reach college they should be able to at least behave themselves in an audience, fraternity groups notwithstanding. O.D.K. wants it understood, however, that it will exert as much influence as it can to improve the attitude of students toward the productions **before** they come to the theatre rather than after they arrive."

At this point, the following statement might further help to clarify matters:

"I'd like to make my position in regard to the suspension of dramatic activities as clear as I can because the sponsors of the organizations as well as some of the members have indicated that they felt that I was working against their cause; nothing could be farther from the truth. I wrote the above-quoted passage in the December **Eliot** and it still expresses my point of view. The only thing that I later objected to was the flagrant way the actual conditions at that Saturday night performance were over-emphasized. As a consequence, the downtown newspapers carried stories exaggerating the behavior of the audience even more and I am sure that in the eyes of outsiders who read those accounts we must appear to be a bunch of hoodlums, for it was reported in the campus newspaper, the Post and the Star, and others, that pennies were thrown, the students "howled and hooted," and the leading lady had hysterics because of audience behavior. All of these reports were false and it is this impression that I wished to erase. These reports did not emanate from Dr. Mackenzie, for he had only alluded to them as examples of how audiences had behaved in the past. To my way of thinking there is little sense in just leaving these reports go and permitting outsiders to get a worse impression of student audiences than the true one which is certainly bad enough.

"I recognized as well as anyone that it was high time that some-



thing should be done about audience behavior. I'd like to make public at this time the fact that I offered to Dr. Mackenzie the services of National Collegiate Players which, as a dramatic honorary, is interested in having orderly audiences. In the future this organization will do all that it can to improve the general state of the student audience and with it, the general health of Thyrsus and Quad Club. Aaron Hotchner."

What is really important at this time is that students shall not assume the attitude that this is a fight against the administration, the sponsors, or the organizations; this is really a fight against themselves. Next spring, after three months of intensive rehearsal, Quad Club will present its annual production. A few students could very easily again ruin the hard work of student actors, actresses, stage crew, authors, and production staff. If those few students start to "act up" again in any audience at any time, don't wait for some patrolling organization to step in, but make it your duty, as a part of a much-needed honor system, to speak to those few and make them remember the many.

### Politics

We note with one eyebrow poised upward the new trend in campus politics. For years the **Student Party**, now defunct in name, operated under a tremendous handicap due to the fact that the party in opposition was the **Independent** group. Under this arrangement, unaffiliated persons would vote for the **Independent Party** which they assumed was non-fraternity.

This year the erstwhile **Student Party** took the often slung bull by the horns and decided that they should get themselves a new moniker—thus emerged the **Unaffiliated Party**. The result was gratifying, to say the least, for they coped seven out of eight of the offices.

Members of the **Independent Party** are very irate; they have written very nasty letters about

the **Unaffiliated Party** and all its members. There are definite hard feelings between the two groups.

It is now the **Independent Party's** turn to retaliate. They will probably rename themselves as the "We are the Fellows Who Hate Fraternities," or the "Phooey on Fraternities Group." There's no end to the possibilities. The fun is just beginning.

### H. W. Holdsworth

(Ed. Note: It can't happen here, but a local campus sheet said it did, so we're giving the rest of what didn't happen.)

We were greatly surprised to read in a campus publication an article announcing that H. W. Holdsworth of All Souls College would be principal speaker at the third annual Law Quarterly Banquet and that representatives of sixty law quarterlies from all over the United States would be present. The subject, one of vital interest to all students of the law, as well as the ordinary run-of-the-hill coed, was announced as: "The Charter of the City of St. Louis and its Relation to the Early Common Law." One can see immediately what far-reaching significance such a subject would have.

We were interested no end. First, because we were familiar with Holdsworth's classic works and the last we had heard he was occupying a chair at Oxford or some foreign place and we were pleased to hear that he was on native soil. Second, because we had never been aware that there were sixty law reviews in the

United States, even counting the University of Buffalo.

We splurged, therefore, buying a ticket to the dinner for \$1.50, and presented ourselves at Brown Lounge where there were just thousands of local judges and lawyers milling about. The Supreme Courts of Illinois and Missouri had adjourned for the occasion and the room glistened with importance. The sixty representatives were very nice boys, although hungry looking, and each one had some very nice things to say about Washington University Law Quarterly and Editor Kennedy.

Just as the article in the local campus newspaper had announced, Carrol Donohue was Master of Ceremonies and he sat right in the middle of a real long table with Prof. Holdsworth on the right of him and Chief Justice Hughes (who flew down in order to make the introduction of Prof. Holdsworth) on his left. Carrol was very witty and although Prof. Holdsworth frowned at a couple of the rawer gags, the boys from the sixty law quarterlies came through with great big guffaws. The local judges and lawyers also thought they were funny. Carrol claims that his M.C.-ing will bring him innumerable offers to join up with law firms.

Chief Justice Hughes acted and spoke just the way he does in the news reels and everybody gave him a big hand when he finished.

And then came Holdsworth. What a tragedy! After all our

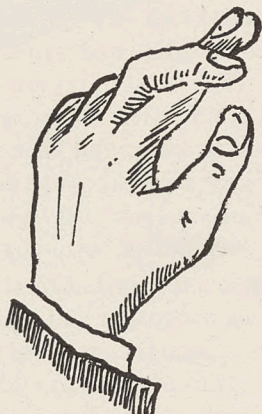
(Continued on page 19)





## WE'RE NOT SUPERSTITIOUS

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY students claim they are educated, well-informed, sophisticated, cynical, and a lot of other adjectives which mean that they're above the common horde intellec-



tually. They're supposed to be sensible, basing their opinions and ideas on facts. They're ready, willing, and able to explode such myths as Santa Claus, the Easter bunny, and the stork. Yet there exist and even flourish among small and large fry alike on this campus certain superstitions which almost out-superstition the Middle Ages.

One group of idlers confessed that their superstitions have to do with exams and finals. Markey Parman wears the same sweater, preferably a blue one, to all her finals. Alice Percy makes a point of changing her ring from one hand to the other for luck in a quiz. Freddie Bastman likes to have somebody, he didn't specify whom, cross his or her fingers for him before an exam. George Wallis uses a reverse psychology in exams, that is, he feels that if he thinks he did well, he probably flunked. So George moans, "I didn't know a thing."

A number of Quad Show cuties were approached on their superstitions about the show. Strangely enough, there was only one belief among them—that a poor dress rehearsal means a good show. But the question led to other things,

and it developed that "Fifi" Pitts doesn't change her dainty little underthings when she has put them on inside out. And says Doll: "It isn't laziness." She also wishes on the new moon and doesn't like to go home from a date angry.

Dick Yore has only one superstition, but it's hard to beat. Dick picks up hair pins of the crimped variety, and prefers rusty ones at that. Pete Mara believes that something dire and woeful is going to happen if he sees a dead dog, or if it's the thirteenth of the month. And Pete puts great faith in any kind of hunch, for any kind of undertaking.

Two lawyers who were snagged pleading a case before the Quad Shop bar admitted they were superstitious. The party of the first part, Carrol Donohue, is definitely



superstitious about a woman who is unduly jovial at first meeting. Whether he considers it good luck or bad, he didn't indicate. Soft collars bother Carrol, too. His mind is ill at ease if he isn't wearing a stiff collar. The party of the second part, Sam Murphy, has a superstition in connection with rolling the bones. He says that he knows he'll be lucky throughout the game if he starts out winning.

It also appears that some of the hard-bitten business men from Dunker Hall are believers in good

and bad luck. Bud Ferring says he jinxes every team he watches in action. Bud Huffstot and Al von Hoffman both like three on a match, and feel especially fortunate if they happen to be the third. Pat Patton considers three a lucky number, too, for he never runs in from the outfield without stepping on third base for luck.

Bette Middleton is "terribly superstitious about everything." She swears by the old Mother Goose rhyme:

"See a pin and pick it up,  
All the day you'll have good luck;  
See a pin and let it lay,  
You'll have bad luck all the day."  
Bette always sticks the pin into her left shoulder lapel.

Clyde Berry puts his left sock on first and never throws away an unlit match. Ed Beshara yells "Money, money, money" when he sees a star fall. Bob Stockho is leary of spilled salt and tosses a few grains of it over his shoulder to ward off woe. Editor Willmarth looks for bad luck in even numbers. Ed Sherwood won't change his gym clothes as long as his team is winning. And Jim Black, of goldfish fame, who dropped in on election day, has a superstition about golf which he considers very important. Jim won't putt while his opponent's ball is in the hole.

By way of conclusion, Bob Byars has a superstition to end all superstitions. That is, the Hatchet-



man goes out of his way to avoid superstitions. He walks under ladders and in front of black cats, and that, he says, is his formula for good luck.

All of which goes to show you: we're not superstitious.

—Jane Biesterfeldt.



# PARADISE LOST

Revised for College Students

## CHAPTER ONE

1. And so it came to pass that Adam and Eve were thrown out of the garden of Eden right away after that wicked serpent persuaded them to eat the apple, and they took up farming a little way down the road and raised a family.

2. And it also came to pass that a few centuries later St. Peter came running up to the door of the Chapter Room of Alpha Chapter of the Holy Order, with his toga tucked up under his knees, and he gave the seven secret knocks (which went, knock-knock-knock—knock—knockknock-knock),

3. And behold, a door was opened in the Chapter Room, and a voice which sounded as it were of a trumpet, said, Come in,

4. And another very important-sounding voice said, Now what?

5. And then it said, Oh, it's you, is it, St. Peter? Come on in and sit down.

6. And St. Peter sat down and paused to catch his breath. And the Lord spoke, saying,

7. We were just getting ready for our Judgement-Day Pledge Court.

We'll schedule it for any millennium now. Stick around these parts for a while and we'll let you know when it's coming off.

8. And all were silent for a time, while St. Peter caught his breath. Then St. Peter stood up in the center of the Chapter Room, before the throne which had around it four and twenty seats, and a rainbow round the throne, in sight like unto an emerald, and he said,

9. Say, do you remember that snake who gave Adam and Eve the apple down in Eden a few centuries ago? And Gabriel and the Lord said in chorus, I do. And St. Peter said, Well, I know who he is. Or perhaps I should say, who he *was*. And the Lord and Gabriel said,

10. Who *was* it? And St. Peter said, It was Satan dressed up in an old snake-skin he found somewhere. Who else could it have been? That guy always did like to raise Hell.

11. And the Lord said, subtly, I know a remedy for *that*!

12. And Gabriel said, Lord, I think this has gone far enough. Satan goes around talking about us behind our

backs and doing everything he can to undo all the good we try to perpetrate around the universe. And besides, he's three millennia behind in his dues. It does us an awful lot of harm having a guy like that in the Chapter. And the Lord agreed, saying,

13. St. Peter, you're the censor around here. You go cut off a little piece of the extra firmament, and write out charges against that guy. Get him for desecration and defamation of the Chapter, and failure to fulfill his financial obligations. And tell him to show up for trial first thing next century. Get him for impersonating a snake, too, and anything else you can think of. And St. Peter got up, saying,

14. Okay.

## CHAPTER TWO

1. And it came to pass that first thing next century, there was an expulsion trial scheduled in Heaven. And the Chapter Room was made ready, and the four and twenty took their places upon the four and twenty seats and looked solemn. And then the Lord entered, in his official robes as Head Man, and he took his seat upon the throne which had a rainbow around it, in sight like unto an emerald. And he rapped his gavel thrice upon the Holy Rostrum and said,

2. Most Exalted Secretary, why

(Continued on page 21)





## FLICKER

"That will be your last job," they told him, "then you'll get your pension, Joe—"

They said more, but Joe didn't listen. The Prison Board liked to make long speeches and Joe never listened, not after he had heard the date and time, that was all he was interested in. They were pensioning him, the Prison Board, letting him take life easy, throwing a few days of idleness at him. After his last job—

Leo Fleer, age thirty, white, sentenced for murder: Joe read the story in the papers, he knew he was to get the job, but he didn't know it was to be his last. It wouldn't be. His last job had been planned for a long time, in his mind, with all details arranged. He hadn't expected to do it so soon, but what was the difference? Life didn't mean much to him. Just a flicker in the lights and it was over. Rich and poor, young and old, men and women, it was the same with all of them. He knew. He had made that flicker most of his time at the prison and he knew.

Leo Fleer: he didn't like the hoodlum. Joe had seen him in his cell, he had been kicked while he was trying to clean up. That's what Joe did most of the time, cleaned the cells and nobody knew anything else. They didn't know his salary was much bigger than that of any other janitor in the prison. That was Joe's business. But Joe didn't like Leo Fleer. He decided it would be a pleasure to watch that flicker. But now someone else would have to watch it, whoever got his job.

It wasn't a hard job, at least Joe didn't think so. He had been at it so long he couldn't remember when the whole thing started. They used ropes when Joe first came to the prison, ropes around the neck, a jerk, and it was over. Now they used electricity. Joe liked electricity, it was quick. But he could do both. Last year he had been loaned for a day across the state line where they used ropes and he hadn't minded. It was just another job, like all the others.

The work didn't bother him. Maybe it would have if he let himself think about it, about that Alicon woman, red hair and blue eyes and ivory skin. That was a tough one. He saw her on her way to the chair, shivering behind the black robe of the priest. Two years later it turned out that she was innocent.

"It wasn't your fault, Joe," the Prison Board said and gave him a bonus. Joe took off a week and got drunk.

There was Pete Hakin, yellow through and through. Joe always would remember him. He screamed all the way to the hot spot and kicked and yelled like a skunk. He was trying to squeal on everyone he knew when Joe pulled the switch. The words sizzled on Pete Hakin's tongue, he left a foul smell in the room when he scorched.

And Pitton, the baby-killer. There was a guy, big as a gorilla, and tough as iron. But he crumbled up when Joe stepped into the dark room and pressed the button. None of them were tough when Joe got through with them.

Joe was a stooped little man with a hump between his shoulders and a patch of whiskers clinging to his chin. His big eyes were mild and friendly. Most of the prisoners called him "Pop" and sometimes they sent for him when the chaplain was giving them the repentance act and praying. They always shook Joe's hand as they started for the chair. They never knew it was the same hand that burned the breath out of them. Joe thought praying was pretty and soothing. He had memorized all the speeches. They would come in handy for his last job; he'd repeat them all to give himself a good send-off.

That's what Joe had to get ready now. It was a week before the execution of Leo Fleer. There wouldn't be anyone around to interfere with the few arrangements he had to make. He had the key to the room; it would be simple.

The prison was silent, the last

round of the guards before lights out had been made, the prisoners had calmed down on their cots, the warden and several friends had gathered in the office for a few hands of poker, and Joe was left alone. He shuffled across the corridor as he heard the guard pass, turned the door quickly, and slipped inside the room. His shoes slid a little on the polished floor, his hands groped along the glass wall, on and on, until they found the arms of the chair. Joe smiled at its touch.

He sat down, rested his arms on the straps, leaned back. It wasn't different from any other chair. Somehow he had thought it would be. He felt on the floor for the switch he had made, tapped his fingertip on it. There it was, the power, the force— He let one finger and then another dance on it, thrilling, exciting—

He began reciting the prayers, the texts, the speeches, all of them, answering himself in the right places, continuing, his voice a high whisper in the dark. He put the cap on his head, pulled it down tightly, strapped one arm to the chair, sat still and tense. This was the moment. They had known it, all of them, murderers, thieves, cowards, now he would know. He dropped his hand down to the switch again, let his fingers once more play with the button, ready—

There was a flicker of the lights in the warden's office and Joe had done his last job.

—L. W. Triefenbach







THE HOLIDAY SEASON went out in its usual blustery fashion, leaving in its wake an epidemic of pinnings, the customary assortment of hangovers and circles, and some very priceless little anecdotes about some of the favorite sons and daughters. As far as the pinnings go, the Phi Delts carried off top honors—that is, if you consider dining and winning **one** babe an honor: Ernie Ohle pinned Elenore Meier, Don Weber got Barbara Moore, Fred Leyhe is reputed to have finally gotten “Personality” Kraus, and Skinner got his pin back from the Allen. By the way, Bud Bohn is letting “Honk” Houk wear his pin for awhile. It goes so nicely with her sweaters and red overcoat.

**Wally Mead**, illustrious member of the illustrious staff, got in a bit of a riff with a **Vescie** waiter over dabbing mustard on the rims of beer glasses and letting it run down the sides. He said it reminded him of yellow whipped cream. In between glasses of stuff, **Wally** found time for assorted debts and the latest throb, **Sue Buder**.

By far the most remarkable feat of the holiday season was **Jim Moses’** drinking exhibition. **Emil’s** was particularly buzzing that night and some of the boys wagered **Moe** that he couldn’t down eleven bottles of **Bud** in fifteen minutes. **Little Lentz** did the pouring and if we hadn’t been there ourselves we would never have believed it, but **Moe** did it. His technique consists of taking three swallows to a glass and he uses a very easy, rhythmical motion in picking up the glasses from the table—once they’re emptied, of course, it makes no diff what happens to them. Yes sir, it was quite a feat and we had no idea that **Moe** had it in him; of course, the end was rather tragic, but just the same we had no idea that **Moe** could do it. The way we figure it he had about two gallons of beer in him and that’s a lot of beer—tragic ending or no tragic ending.

Easily the most outstanding affair of the whirl was the highly touted **Lawyer’s Dance**. There was just no end of things which happened. We discovered **Stu Hines** and **Tommy Ozmont** sitting in the middle

of the highway after the dance. Two of the wheels of **Stu’s** car were mangled a bit; they had shoved their dates—**Betty Kentzler** and **Markey Parman**—in the first car that drove by, and there were the boys, just sitting. It was **Stu’s** original idea that somebody was bound to come out and change his flats. He never got around to explaining how somebody was going to unmangle the rims in the middle of the highway, but he was so sure, and it was so cold, that we left them sit and went our way, mumbling faint promises about the **Triple A**.

One event above all others, however, deserves the Pulitzer prize and **Fred Schillinger** is the young gad-about who walks off with top honors. **Fred**, it seems, was cruising down **Goodfellow Boulevard** at a speed of about fifty or sixty miles, going through all the electric stop lights that he could find. After he had zipped merrily past the sixth or seventh of said red lights, a squad car with a whole lot of policemen in it zipped merrily past him and in no time at all **Fred** was in the **Page and Union** police station. Things were bad enough as they were, but **Fred** was just beginning. First he told the desk sergeant in no uncertain tones that it was an outrage to stop for red lights at three o’clock in the morning when nobody was coming from the opposite direction. The desk sergeant took exception to this and asked **Fred** for a \$500 bail bond. This was just what **Fred** had been waiting for—some legitimate excuse for enlightening the **Page and Union** boys with some of his sage advice. And this he did with a magnificent oration which had as its theme, “**Municipal Corruption and How the Police Force Does It.**” At intervals **Fred** was placed in the lock-up to cool off but the desk sergeant and the boys could do nothing in the face of such stinging oratory. Highlight of the proceedings was when **Fred** told the sergeant and six or seven cops from a neighborhood beat who had dropped in to warm up, that when he became governor the first thing he would do would be to kick them all off the police force.

**Fred** posted his bail.

(Continued on page 23)





# Men Select Ideas

## Men Interviewed

The names of the forty men who expressed their opinions in the twelve-point questionnaire are:

Mel Setzekorn  
Wesley Gallagher  
Doug Maynard  
Cam Higginbotham  
Al Bruce  
Milford English  
Hal Hamilton  
Bud Barbee  
Bud Harvey  
Gil Lutz

Ralph Bradshaw  
Don Flint  
Fred Leyhe  
Bob Doelling  
Fred Haffner  
Bob Reinhardt  
Clyde Berry  
Robert Byars  
Fred Bastman  
Carrol Donohue

Louis Gottschalk  
Wally Mead  
Jack Fargher  
Ranny Lorch  
Bob Jordan  
Bill Witter  
Bud Skinner  
Ted Young  
Henry Fick  
Terrell Covington

Ed Sherwood  
Alan Fleishman  
Henry Stealey  
Pat Patton  
Gil Coughlin  
Tom Guilfoil  
Bob Turner  
Bernie Wolken  
Dave Leigh

### HAIR

Sally Alexander—10  
Kay Galle—6  
Margaret Christmann—4  
Charlotte Nelms—4  
Marian Thoms—4  
Betty Binkard—3  
Dorothy Moore—2  
Dorothy Tracey—2  
Genevieve Davis  
Evelyn Hufford  
Mary Jane Krueger  
Jane Piou  
Mary Ramsay  
Margaret Simpson  
Hortense Holtgrewe

### EYES

Kay Galle—12  
Betty Pepoon—5  
Betty Budke—4  
Betty Bastman—3  
Mary Alt—2  
Gloria Ball—2  
Markey Parman—2  
May Ruester—2  
Sally Alexander  
Mary Carson  
Doris Hartmann  
Dorothy Remley  
Dorothy Tracey  
Rosemary De Voto  
Mary Wilson  
Hortense Holtgrewe

### FIGURE

Markey Parman—12  
Peggy Ray—4  
Betty Budke—3  
Joan Ball—2  
Virginia Lee Eppler—2  
Carabelle Murtfeldt—2  
Elinor McQuoid—2  
Jessie Ryan—2  
Dorothy Tracey—2  
Peggy Lou Baker  
Gloria Ball  
Ethel Jane Ellis  
Carol Gates  
Jean McGregor  
Janice Hansen  
Kay Ruester  
Sally Sullivan  
Betty Webb

### SMILE

Genevieve Davis—16  
Joan Ball—3  
Peggy Lou Baker—3  
Sally Alexander—2  
Marjorie Sebastian—2  
Shirley Conrad  
Dorothy Tracey  
Jane Clark  
Jane Taussig  
Mary Alt  
Mary Wilson  
Doris Gates  
Margaret Houk  
Mary Carson  
Edith Marsalek  
Betty Budke  
Fayre Ermes  
Kay Galle  
Betty Pepoon

### DANCING

Kay Galle—11  
Betty Budke—8  
Dorothy Huston—3  
Emma Jostes—3  
Mary Evelyn Shepherd—2  
May Ruester  
Olive Depelheuer  
Betty Webb  
Isabelle Andrews  
Jane Taussig  
Margaret Simpson  
Edith Marsalek  
Mary Ramsay  
Markey Parman  
Peggy Woodlock  
Esther Huber  
Dolly Pitts  
Hortense Holtgrewe

### CLOTHES

Peggy Lou Baker—9  
Ethel Jane Ellis—4  
Markey Parman—4  
Sally Alexander—3  
Margaret Christmann—3  
Kay Galle—3  
Pepper Throop—3  
Doris Hartmann—2  
Rosemary De Voto—2  
Betty Webb—2  
Betty Binkard  
Jane Piou  
Betsy Moors  
Mary Ramsay  
Elva Hassendeubel



# Ideal Campus Co-ed

## Ideal Co-ed and Maids

Kay Galle	55
Markey Parman	30
Sally Alexander	27
Betty Budke	26

ELIOT, attempting an exhausting search for the ideal co-ed, has interviewed forty of the outstanding men on the campus, with very enlightening results. In the lists below, numbers after the names indicate how many votes were given for those persons. Those with no number were mentioned only once.

### PERSONALITY

Kay Galle—10  
Betty Budke—5  
Dolly Pitts—5  
Carabelle Murtfeldt—3  
Mary Ramsay—3  
Gloria Ball—2  
Dorothy Tracey  
Sally Alexander  
Markey Parman  
Peggy Woodlock  
Doris Cosper  
Margaret Johnston  
Shirley Conrad  
Doris Gates  
Margaret Simpson  
Mary Carson  
Jane Allen  
Elva Hassendeubel

### TECHNIQUE

Peggy Woodlock—11  
Olive Depelheuer—5  
Dorothy Remley—3  
Sally Alexander—2  
Jane Allen—2  
Fayre Ermes—2  
Betty London—2  
Markey Parman—2  
Gloria Ball  
Virginia Anne Cook  
Cordelia See  
May Ruester  
Rosemary De Voto  
Mary Carson  
Kay Galle  
Margaret Houk  
Peggy Lou Baker  
Betty Webb  
Carabelle Murtfeldt

### INTELLIGENCE

Dorothy Moore—7  
Sarah Karraker—6  
Elaine Foerster—4  
Janice Walker—3  
Charlotte Anschuetz—2  
Mary Kammerer—2  
Markey Parman—2  
Alice Percy—2  
Jackie Davis  
Bette Middleton  
Betty Budke  
Edna Jean Gieselman  
Margaret McKelvey  
Edith Marsalek  
Marcia Toensfeldt  
Joan Ball  
Eleanor Meier  
Betty Binkard  
Marjorie Sebastian  
Kay Galle

### CONVERSATION

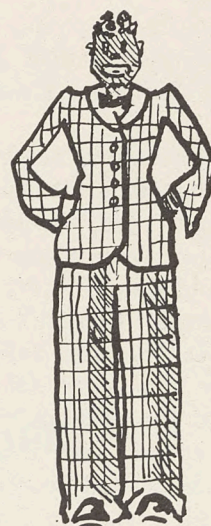
Dolly Pitts—9  
Betty Budke—3  
Elva Hassendeubel—3  
Peggy Woodlock—3  
Elaine Foerster—2  
Doris Hartmann—2  
Esther Huber—2  
Deane Maize—2  
Bette Middleton—2  
Margaret Simpson—2  
Jean McGregor  
Marjorie Penney  
Alice Lloyd  
Charlotte Anschuetz  
Carol Gates  
Fepper Throop  
Betsy Moors  
Olive Depelheuer  
Jane Piou  
Betty Pepoon

### SOPHISTICATION

Janice Hansen—9  
Kay Galle—6  
Markey Parman—6  
Jane Piou—3  
Margaret Simpson—3  
Ethel Jane Ellis—2  
Brohna Altman  
Marjorie Dixon  
Natalie Forshaw  
Gloria Ball  
Mary Davis  
Dolly Schuyler  
Kay Davis  
Marjorie Sebastian  
Eleanor Meier  
Betty Budke  
Pat Mayer

### Mmmm!

Betty London—11  
Sally Alexander—8  
Kay Galle—4  
Peggy Lou Baker—2  
Carabelle Murtfeldt—2  
Doris Hartmann  
Peggy Woodlock  
Dorothy Huston  
Marian Ketter  
Hortense Holtgrewe  
Dorothy Remley  
Bette Middleton  
Margaret Johnston  
Jane Taussig  
Janice Hansen  
Jane Allen  
Margaret Simpson  
Mary Evelyn Shepherd





## HEADS AND TAILS

JOE GLANCED at the clock for the hundredth time within the last half hour. Two minutes until 4 P.M. He took the last cigarette from the pack on the table, lit it nervously, and paced the floor. It was no use; he couldn't stand the suspense any longer. He grabbed his overcoat, locked the door of his room, and hurried down the three flights of stairs into the snowy street. The wind was blowing wildly with a true January vengeance and Joe shivered with cold. He was already chilled to the bone and it was still ten blocks to the post-office.

The letter he was expecting—would it be there? It must be there! He reached grimly into his pocket and fingered the single coin. Yes, the letter had to be there.

Joe began to walk faster, and when he reached the narrow alley he broke into a brisk run. He was tall and lanky with narrow hips and chest. His tattered overcoat flapped in the wind as he sped along.

It was nearly closing time when he reached the post-office. He approached the general delivery desk fearfully, his voice became hoarse and unsteady as he asked for a letter for Joe Miller. The clerk behind the desk didn't like late arrivals and he looked at Joe with disgust.

"You're the young feller that's been coming in here the last four weeks asking for a letter. Always late."

He grunted as he shuffled down from his stool. Joe nodded in assent and tried to restrain his impatience. Why in the devil didn't that old codger hurry up and get the letter? Couldn't the old man see that he was half mad with worry and fear? Oh, God! Joe gritted his teeth and clenched his fists as the old man returned. Then he leaned over the desk expectantly, waiting for the white envelope. But when the old man just stood there, Joe grabbed his arm and shook it violently.

"Well, where's my letter? Get it quick, you old fool!"

The old man stepped back in fright and pulled his arm from Joe's grasp.

"There wasn't no letter for you, I tell you, let me go."

Joe's bony jaws set in a taut line, his blue lips were sucked under, and he stared straight ahead, breathing heavily. He bounded out the post-office door and ran crazily as if a hundred demons were clutching at his heels, never slackening his pace until he reached his dingy room.

Joe sank down on the lumpy mattress and buried his face in his hands. Only the weak ticking of the ancient clock disturbed the stillness. He sat and thought, his mind racing backward to the time when he had first had the idea for the play. He hadn't wanted to write the play. He had been afraid he would fail, just as he had always failed before in important things he had undertaken, not through any fault of his own, but because of some crazy twist of fate, some circumstance beyond his control. He hadn't wanted this to happen again. The plot of the play was too good to be muffed by these unknown powers which had been interfering with his life and upsetting his ambitions, hopes, and plans ever since he could remember.

So he had carried the plot around in his mind for a year, torturing himself with its great possibilities. Finally a solution had come to him. He would consult the Fates before writing the play; maybe they wouldn't mock him and crumple his plans like a piece of tissue. This time he would be wise. He would let Chance have its way.

He had taken his lucky dime from his pocket and tossed it into the air. It spun dizzily, then fell to the floor. Heads he would write the play, tails he would erase the idea from his mind altogether. He had crossed his fingers and offered a fearful prayer under his breath

as he bent down and looked at the coin. He stared at the flat surface—it was heads. He had whooped for joy, running around his little room with uncontrollable excitement. He had carefully lifted his typewriter from the far corner beneath the bed, dusted it tenderly, rolled in a clean sheet of paper, and set to work.

For days Joe had lived like an automaton, banging away mechanically at his machine until his fingers were numb and his eyes bleary from strain. At last the play was completed and he had taken it to an old playwright, a friend of his dead father. The old man read the play carefully while Joe sat silently at his side tapping his fingers until he had finished. The old man rolled up the manuscript and grunted.

"It's the best thing I've ever read, Joe."

Then he suggested improvements here, additions there, which would make the whole more effective. Joe revised the play and took it back to the old man for further criticism.

"It's perfect, now, Joe, perfect. It will be the hit of the year. I'd publish it myself if I had the money. Send it to McDow and Company for publication. They'll snatch it up so quick that you'll be a millionaire before the end of the week."

Joe hadn't been able to sleep that night. He was much too happy. He had confidence in the old man's opinion. He tossed and turned on his torn pillow, too excited to lie still. Finally, unable to wait until morning, he had jumped out of bed, dressed hurriedly, folded up his manuscript, placed it into an envelope and rushed out into the drenching rain to mail it to McDow and Company.

Now, two months later, Joe sat on the edge of his bed, his face buried in his hands. Two months and no answer from the publishing house. He couldn't go on living like this any longer, rent overdue, food gone. He had his one dime left between himself and starvation. He wanted to end it all, this

(Continued on page 19)





MY NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

*Chesterfields*

FOR MORE PLEASURE



## ONE NIGHT IN NEW YORK

IT WAS bright and warm in the station and the milling crowd was festive with remnants of the holiday spirit, but one young man frowned nervously as he stepped from the train. New York was different, they said, different even from Chicago. Of course, he was safe; he knew that. But there it was, that unaccountable nervousness, that persistent uneasiness that had been growing on him ever since the train pulled out of Cleveland.

Keep moving, Frank had told him, keep moving, Kid, and they can't get you. Well, he had. Three weeks of it, and here he was now. Maybe it was a mistake to take a chance in the big city, in the daddy of them all. Maybe he should have stayed out on the coast, maybe he should have tried to lay low. But hell, a fellow gets tired of the same old place day after day, month after month. And traveling like this was no better. He was fed up with it. What good was all his cash, if he wasn't going to spend it?

He picked up his single bag, and pushed his way swiftly through the crowd. Once outside, he felt relieved; the cold sting of the wind was a swell tonic for jangled nerves. He called a cab, and gave the address Frank had recommended.

The cabbie nodded, then turned and looked at him suspiciously, crudely pretending to stare out the back window. He was alarmed. This was something new. Maybe he had blundered. Maybe he had been recognized. Suppose the cabbie was an "observer," suppose he had police connections. He began to sweat. Finally he leaned forward, whispered hoarsely, "I've changed my mind, you can drop me off in Central Park."

The cabbie didn't even speak. He just nodded, and turned suddenly into a side street. That was queer, that was unnatural. The cabbie must have been expecting something like that. Why hadn't he spoken, why hadn't he seemed surprised? Who was he, anyway? Lord, what a fool he had been, what a fool to take a chance like this!

But it was too late to turn back. All he could do was sit tight and hope for the best. So, when at length the car screeched to an abrupt stop, he had regained some of his poise. Calmly he reached for a bill, waited for his change. But the cabbie, suddenly growing affable, was in no hurry. "Stranger here, ain't yuh?" A crisp, startled "Yeah" was the only reply. "Thought so, you fellows are easy to spot."

That was all. Not another word. Not another gesture. He watched the car draw off and disappear immediately in the maze of evening traffic. Turning then, he looked the wind square in the face, felt its biting chill clear his head. Slowly, as he stood there, his reason returned. He had been looking for trouble, jumping at conclusions. Sure he was safe, the cabbie was all right. A little dumb maybe, a little curious, but all right.

Reassured but still somewhat uneasy he started down the pathway into the park, now largely deserted, and wondered what he should do. Gradually, as he walked, his uneasiness increased. Something was wrong, he felt it; deep down in his subconscious mind something was stirring, trying to break through. Suddenly he knew, and he went white with fear. He was missing his bag! He had left it in the cab!

Now with a rush all his suspicions returned. His worst fears had been realized. This was no coincidence. This was planned, deliberate. The cab driver had kept his bag, he had recognized him! Terrified, he felt an overpowering need to sit down, to get off his feet. He fell shaking into the nearest park bench and sat there mentally bewildered, physically exhausted.

The metallic click of hard heels on the concrete walk brought him back to his senses, and he glanced up as an elderly well-dressed gentleman strode by. He watched the man walk on, saw him accosted and questioned by someone as he reached the street. Then he recognized the newcomer as the cab driver, realized that he was being pointed out, that they were both staring in his direction, that they were calling to him.

He waited no longer. He bolted. First down the path, then straight through the bushes and into the darkness, heeding not their shouts. Twice he stumbled, picked himself up, and ran on into the gloom until he came to a new pathway. They hadn't followed him apparently, and so he calmed somewhat, slowing down to a brisk walk, mingling with the crowd, and gradually drifting into the streets swarming with people.

On and on he walked, block after block, blindly, confusedly. Eventually the crowds began to thin, the streets became almost deserted and the buildings, now dark and ominous, loomed larger and larger. Central Park lay far behind, and his pace slackened. He was beginning to feel a little more secure. The danger wasn't so close, so imminent. Maybe he hadn't kept his head, but he had gotten away, hadn't he? Maybe he could still elude them, get out of town...

It was then, just as his confidence was starting to return, that he realized someone was following him. He hadn't noticed the dark figure standing on the corner; he hadn't observed it step across the street; he hadn't seen it follow swiftly in his wake. But somehow, without turning, without actually seeing it, he had sensed its presence, and now his eager ear caught the regular pat-pat of its footsteps.

He quickened his step, he crossed and recrossed the street, he dodged abruptly around corners. Still he couldn't shake it. Panic stricken again, he wanted to run, but he knew suddenly that it was no use. They had followed him all the way, they had him at last. He wasn't even going to try to brazen it out.

He stopped, allowed the man to approach. Probably the cab driver, he thought vaguely. Well, no matter, the jig

(Continued on page 24)



# HENHOUSE FORUM

## SHAME ON THEM

ON THIS campus the only exponents I know of the old system of studying (in which I am a staunch believer) are a couple of Phi Betas and myself. The others take the gay and giddy gait to good grades, and some of them do surprisingly well. It sort of takes the heart out of us **students** who learn for the pure pleasure of making good grades, for them to do so well without even half trying.

This flourishing bunch have various methods that they practice faithfully, listed in their files, such as (it hurts me just to write this down, but here goes) using a large and scrawling hand that can neatly fit about three words to the line of the blue book. This method (filed as 6034 b) is in popular use for the benefit of professors who go in for quantity instead of quality, and weigh their blue books instead of reading them.

Filed as 6058-a is a method which must be studied intensely before used. Secret practise is held with mirrors, and when the student (pronounced with a sarcastic sneer) is satisfied with the results, the trick may be used to good advantage in advanced courses. The student fastens his eyes on the professor's eyes (like the old game of seeing who can stare the longest), draws his brows into a questing half-frown (biting of the lip to simulate meditation is encouraged with this), and perches eagerly on the edge of the chair.

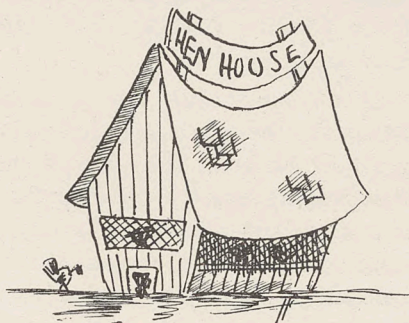
I have only begun to tell of methods employed on our campus. Will we allow them to continue? Must we tolerate such conduct? We, the **students**, a couple of Phi Betas and myself, protest.

—Sally Alexander.

## CUPID'S HANGOVER

From the woman's viewpoint, marriage, like communism, just doesn't work. The theory is all

right, but in practice the horse changes color. The woman enters marriage with certain expectations which she soon realizes must be tossed overboard. She expects to have no further worry about finances, but discovers her worries are just beginning. She exults in escaping the parental rule, only to find herself under one more exacting, where she must aim to please. She hopes that after marriage she can cease the flattery that put her in the conjugal condition and be herself. Much to her surprise she hears vehement complaints at the sudden decrease of flattery and at the discovery of herself. What's worse, she likes spinach and he likes sweet potatoes.



The final blow is the realization that her ideal, her own private god, is nothing but a tin horn—that blows his nose too loud, forgets, forgets, and forgets. Her happiness collapses and she goes to a psychiatrist to find out what is wrong with **her** marriage—when the whole question should be what is wrong with **any** marriage. The answer is MEN.

—Frances Choate.

## DEAR GENTLE VOTER

Surprising that all these people have come to vote. They must be WPA workers. But they actually seem to be awake. Must not be WPA workers. Where **does** this line end? It doesn't. I should have brought my lunch. That man did. Maybe if I looked quite pitiful he would give me half his ham sandwich. Only trouble is I never did like ham.

This waiting is unbearable. Ever since I came across the question: "Have you ever bluffed your way past a doorman?" on a personality test in Psych class, I've wanted to bluff my way past something big and forbidding-looking. Now's my chance. That man is looking the other way, maybe I can slip in front. Success! no one noticed. Here I am in front of the line.

Yes, thank you, I'd love a ballot. Goodness, it's so **long**. They must have included the Star Spangled Banner and the Lambeth Walk. Now who was I going to vote for? Wasn't his name Greenbriar? Maybe Greenmeier. Can't find him. Oh, here's a Donald Duffer. Sounds nice. Maybe it wasn't Greenbriar anyway. Think I'll vote for Duffer. Yes, I will. That's that. Now to fold this billboard-sized ballot and stuff it through the slot. Can't seem to get it in. Oh, there it goes. And here I go.

—Virginia Rasbach.

## FUN WITH EAR MUFFS

One morning several weeks ago, I made my first appearance in ear muffs; they were brown and yellow. Everybody just laughed and laughed at first, but **I** didn't care, **my** ears were warm.

There were many other factors that entered into my new happiness with ear muffs. In the first place, I couldn't hear the bell that morning, so I decided it must have been a holiday—of course, it wasn't. Then a funny looking boy asked me for a date. Later I found out that he just wanted to know where the Chemistry building was—which was obvious anyway.

Now that cold weather has really set in, I don't have my brown and yellow ear muffs, 'cause "I lost 'em, I lost 'em." Anyway, I really don't need them because my ears are so warm they are burning. (Must be my Grandmother talking about me again.)

Further information will be found in: **What We Hear In Music**

(Continued on next page)



## HENHOUSE FORUM

(Continued from page 17)

by Gludkin Pompoon; **A German Family In Africa** by Dennis O'Sullivan, and **Instructions For Mixing and Swallowing 32 Famous Cocktails** by Rev. Hotchkiss.

—Betty Budke.

## MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE

I'll take America because I like to curse Roosevelt and know that my head will still be safe on my shoulders when I close my mouth. I like to go to bed with my stomach satisfied with good food and plenty of it. I like to guzzle chocolate sodas and chew gum until my jaws ache. I like to hear the honking of automobile horns instead of the whirr of bombs bursting over my head. I like to break my neck to save a minute and then dawdle away long hours having breakfast in bed. I like tall buildings with lights twinkling like stars from windows near the sky. I like to see pictures of celebrities eating hot dogs and mustard on the White House lawn. I like to sit in a house warmed by a roaring furnace and read books in a sane language. I like to work hard

and dream and know that my dreams will come true because I live in America.

—Louise Lampert.

## OF TIME AND MEN

I don't like men early!

In maddening haste I lipstick my nose and powder my hair as I hear an off-tune, one-finger version of last year's song hits drummed out on the piano. Or perhaps I break two fingernails and pop three stockings trying to get downstairs before Mother proceeds any further with her version of Southern cordiality. She is sure to be telling Tom how very much I like him and all the other Phi Delt, and what a marvelous time I had with him Saturday. (Tom happens to be a Sigma Chi and is quite positive I wasn't with him last Saturday.)

If Mother is quiet and on good behavior, then it is my date who must be hushed. His idea of the best way to make a good impression almost invariably includes an apology for keeping me out so late last time. I jam on my hat as I flee down the stairs—too late to stop his fatal admission that he

had brought me home about 3:30. (My breakfast-table confession had been simply: "It must have been after two.")

I don't like men late!

I'm usually ready within fifteen or twenty minutes of whatever time my date is supposed to come, and when forty minutes have passed, I'm as perfect a product as Elizabeth Arden and I can manage. I'm seldom grateful for the cheery voice that phones: "I'll be just a minute late."

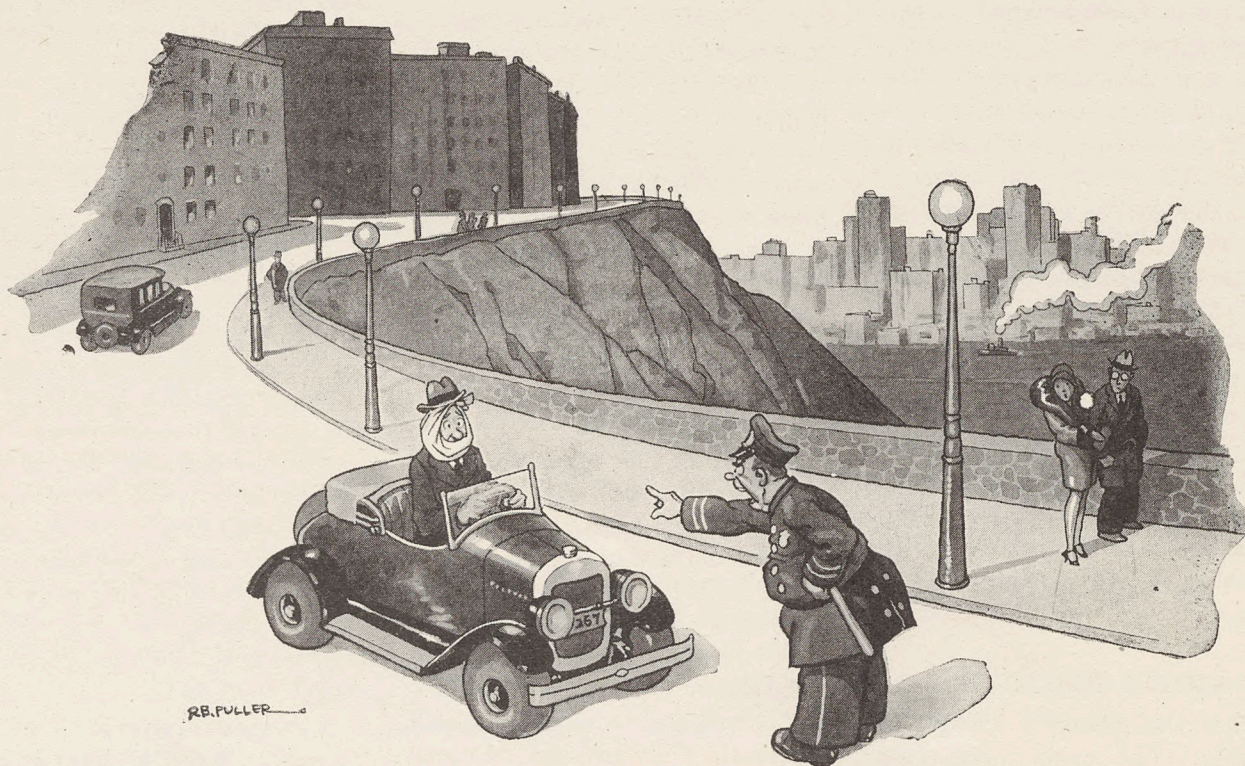
For what am I to do with that minute? Mother always recommends a little Math, but my usual routine is to change my dress three times (if my other two aren't at the cleaners), lose my purse and gloves twice, try on all my Mother's hats and my sister's coats, and comb my hair seven times. At some point along the line when I've just taken off one set of accessories and haven't yet put on another, my date arrives and has to wait for me after all.

I don't like men early!

I don't like men late!

Unless, of course, I can't get them any other way.

—Cordelia See.



"Say, who do you think you're talking back at?"



## HEADS AND TAILS

(Continued from page 14)

worry, this endless waiting, this uncertainty. He fingered the dime in his pocket and smiled ruefully to himself. He wouldn't consult the Fates this time. He had tried to play fair with those crafty powers and what had they brought in return? Nothing, nothing but hard work and disappointment. It had always been that way. He was through with them. He walked to his dresser, opened the drawer, and grabbed out his revolver. He sat down at the table, lit the lamp, and began to polish the metal handle of the gun.

Outside in the cold winter darkness, two men, well-tailored, were walking hurriedly, talking excitedly in the whistling wind.

"The number the old playwright gave us—Fifth Street, five two three, third floor. Several blocks down yet. Awful looking neighborhood, isn't it? It only goes to show that you don't need a mahogany desk, a swivel chair, and a fat cigar to write a Broadway hit."

"It certainly was a good thing that fellow wrote to us to ask about his friend's play, when we were trying everywhere to find the author's address."

"And what a letter! But I don't blame him. If we had rejected that play, we would have been as crazy as he said we were."

"It was a trick of fate, all around. There wasn't a single number or letter of the return address distinguishable on the envelope of that manuscript. Even the postmark was smudged out completely. It must have been raining pitchforks when the postman collected it. But he should have been a little careful."

"Especially with a play like that. And then to top it all off, the author has to be named Joe Miller. It's like hunting for a needle in a haystack, trying to locate Joe Miller, U.S.A."

"Well, everything will be all right in a minute. Here's the place."

The men were climbing up the

third flight of stairs when they heard a shot. They looked at each other in bewilderment and went on. They knocked on the door, waited, heard no answer, knocked again. Then they went in.

"Mr. Miller—" they began, then stopped.

Joe stood in the middle of the room, the gun in his hand, staring at a piece of twisted metal on the floor.

"Come in, gentlemen," he laughed, "come in. I just shot the Fates."

—Louise Lampert.

## THE TOWERS AND THE TOWN

(Continued from page 7)

waiting, all our expecting—do you know what? He stuttered. He actually took two or three minutes on each sentence and even lingered five or six over particularly tough syllables. We were shocked no end. So were the local judges and lawyers. So were the sixty representatives. So was Chief Justice Hughes. And to make matters worse, Prof. Holdsworth developed a case of violent hiccups right in the middle of the most emphatic and stuttery part of his oration. The situation soon became intolerable. We cannot hold it back from our readers—we snuk out.

Prof. H. W. Holdsworth's classic works have been removed from their dusty places on the library shelves. We have lost our high regard but we can't help it; great men just can't stutter and hiccup. What's more, we weren't enlightened one bit about what relation our charter has to the early common law. And that's a burning question that should be answered.

## IMMORTALITY AND THE QUEEN

(Continued from page 5)

After supper we listened to the radio, read some old *Esquires* that were around, and one by one Betsy told our fortunes by reading the lines on our hands. I don't remember what Betsy said about my future, but I do remember her big brown eyes.

About eight-thirty Bud called us aside. "Listen, guys, we've kid-

napped her long enough, haven't we? Let's take her back."

We all looked over at her where she sat in a large armchair and I admit I was ready to hustle her back to the prom. But Bob was determined to carry out the plan as intended.

"What's the matter, getting soft, Bud? We've gone to a lot of trouble putting over this kidnapping and just because you go sweet on the Queen is no reason for us to give up a chance to get away with the first real abduction in history. It's not Betsy that we've got to think of—it's something much bigger than that. It's the pride of the lawyers. Just think what we'll have on those engineers for the rest of the year. There's no backing out now!"

The rest of the evening passed more slowly. Hank and Bob played checkers on the kitchen table, Betsy thumbed through the *Esquires*, Bud stretched out on the divan for a nap, and I dialed around on the radio until I found a few good programs. At 9:45 a local station broadcast music from the Engineer's Ball and Betsy and I danced to several numbers. The coronation was supposed to take place at ten o'clock. At ten minutes to ten Bob telephoned the Country Club and explained to the chairman of the prom committee just what had happened to their Queen and who had her. He hung up before the chairman could do any pleading.

The radio carried a descriptive account of the procession—how each maid looked, what sort of dress she wore, and so on. We waited breathlessly when we heard the trumpets which heralded the advent of the Queen. The announcer said, "The Queen's escort is now appearing and he is walking to the throne alone. Unfortunately, the Queen will not be able to attend the coronation tonight because she has been abducted by lawyers who are keeping her away from the Ball. She will be crowned nevertheless, by proxy, and they are now proclaiming Her Majesty

(Continued on page 20)



## COMICS IN THE LAW

The material below is quoted from the book of the same name: **Comics In The Law** by Lyman E. Cook, St. Louis lawyer, who has gained a wide reputation by broadcasting on "Freak Laws" over the Columbia Broadcasting System and Station KMOX. Mr. Cook has appeared on Dave Elman's "Hobby Lobby" program with great success, and wrote the book in response to numerous requests from the audience.—Ed.

The legislature in Idaho passed a law making it an unlawful act for a man to give his sweetheart a box of candy weighing less than fifty pounds.

Profane language is forbidden in Progress, Pennsylvania, but "old fashioned cussing" is permissible by persons over the age of sixty, women included.

Alabama law declares that no one shall buy or sell a bag of peanuts.

A barber cannot eat onions during working hours according to a Nebraska law.

It is unlawful to give a girl a cigarette in Peace Dale, Rhode Island. Chewing tobacco is permissible.

A man cannot wear trousers that are form fitting around his hips, in Lewes, Delaware.

It is unlawful to take up a collection of money at a church meeting, in Pennsylvania.

Several years ago the Missouri Legislature passed a bill providing that any city or village could assess a special tax for the support of a municipal band, providing the Mayor of said city or village played the piccolo and that each member of said band could eat peas with a knife.

It is against the law to speak English in Illinois.

In Indiana a promise to marry at the point of a pistol will not be enforced.

Illinois authorities have the power to put all persons between the ages of 21 to 50 to work at hard labor for two days each year.

An ordinance in Spencer, Iowa, forbids a man to ask a girl to take a ride in his automobile.

An old Kansas law provides: That when two trains come to a crossing, both shall come to a complete stop and neither start until the other has gone.

Horses must wear pants at all times in Fountain Inn, South Carolina.

It is unlawful for a man or woman to go unshaven in Carrizozo, New Mexico. Bearded women please note.

An ordinance in Waterville, Maine, prohibits anyone from blowing their nose in public.

According to Federal Law, an American Indian is not an American citizen.

In New York it was recently held... that men should not be allowed to pin diapers on babies. It is rumored that the babies concurred in this court's decision.

Dallas, Texas, requires all dogs in the streets at night to display headlights.

Minneapolis, Minnesota, has an ordinance which prohibits red automobiles on the public streets.

A woman cannot hang her undies on a clothesline outside of a building unless a screen is placed around said undies, in the city of Reading, Pennsylvania.

Nebraska prohibits the wearing of skirts more than eight inches from the floor.

Bobbed hair is vulgar and prohibited according to an ordinance in Barber, North Carolina.

No restaurant can charge more than thirty cents for a meal in the state of New Jersey.

### IMMORTALITY AND THE QUEEN

(Continued from page 19)

to be—Miss Betsy Reinning. It is a pity that she is not here to enjoy all the glamour which is intended for her. There is now—"

I flicked off the radio. Betsy got up and came over to us. Her big brown eyes had tears in them.

"Well," she said, "I guess the fun is over. You all must feel mighty proud of yourselves, 'cause this is really the first time that a Queen missed her coronation, isn't it? Now you can tell everybody what smart little boys you are and how easily you handled the whole thing. But nobody seems to care how the girl who was supposed to be Queen feels about it—you never even bothered to ask, did you? You never even bothered to apologize. Well, I'll tell you anyway—I've been looking forward to my coronation for days. I had pictured it over and over in my mind. For me it was a big thing in my life. I had bought a pretty new dress and I promised my folks to send them pictures of the ceremony; instead I'll just send them that picture of my escort standing in front of the throne, pretending that I was being crowned. I hope all you boys have had a real nice time. Now, I—I'm tired. The coronation's over; you don't have to keep me here any more, so please take me home."

She slipped on her coat and went out the front door. The four of us could say nothing. I felt like someone had just kicked me in the stomach. As we filed out of the living room after her, Bud turned and surveyed the room. He shook his head sadly.

"Immortality—nuts!" he muttered.

—Aaron Hotchner.



## PARADISE LOST

(Continued from page 9)

meet we here tonight? And the Most Exalted Secretary rose, and said, O Almighty, this is a special meeting of Alpha Chapter of the Holy Order called together for the purpose of trying one Brother Satan on sundry charges.

3. And the Lord said, Be it so. And the four and twenty rose and bowed, and said,

4. Amen.

5. And the Lord rapped seven times with his gavel, and said, Most Exalted Brother Censor, bring the accused before this High Tribunal.

6. Whereupon there followed nought but silence. Well? said the Lord, and the four and twenty looked at each other. At last St. Peter, who was the Most Exalted Censor, rose and said,

7. O Almighty, I gave him his notice, but he hasn't shown up yet. He never has been on time. I have to fine him at every meeting for being late.

8. And the Lord said, Can't we just go ahead and expel him if he doesn't show up? And Gabriel said, I think the constitution says you can't expel a brother unless he has a trial. We'd better look it up.

9. Whereupon the Lord said, Bring me the Constitution, Most Exalted Secretary. And the Most Exalted Secretary rummaged around in the drawer of his desk for a while, and said, O Almighty, it doesn't seem to be here.

10. And the Lord said, in a voice that sounded as it were thunder, **WHO TOOK THAT CONSTITUTION? WHERE IN HEAVEN IS IT?** And the brethren quaked in their robes, and were silent, until St. Peter rose and said, O Almighty, and the Lord said,

11. Brother St. Peter may have the floor.

12. Whereupon St. Peter quaked once more, and said, O Almighty, I—that is—well, you know you appointed me gatekeeper the other century, and I thought before I took on the extra job I ought to read up on it in the Constitution, and it was a nice day, so I took it out on a little cloud to read it, and—well, it slipped . . . And the Lord said in measured tones,

13. Brother St. Peter, you may fine yourself ten dollars. And cut off another piece of firmament and write a new Constitution. And be more careful in the future, We're using up that firmament awfully fast.

14. Whereupon there followed an embarrassed silence, which was broken by a tremendous knocking on the door. And the four and twenty wondered, and the Lord said, It must not be one of us. He doesn't know the Knock.

15. And St. Paul said, Oh, it's probably Satan. And St. Peter said, Well, let him wait a while, until he gets the Knock. And then there followed another clamor,, which went,

16. Knock-knock-knock — knockknockknock and then stopped half-heartedly. And St. Paul said, That's Satan, all right. He never did bother to learn *anything* about the Chapter. And the Lord said,

17. Oh, Purgatory. Let him in.

18. So St. Peter opened the door, and Satan walked in, and handed his gloves and pitchfork to St. Peter. And he said,

19. Hi, boys.

20. And the Lord said, You might at least salute the Chair. And Satan said, Oh, and made a sweeping bow, and said, O Almighty, may I be seated?

21. And the Lord said, Yes, right there on that chair in the middle of the room. And Satan said, Well, I always did like the spotlight.

22. And the Lord said, Brother Satan, you are accused of defamation, desecration, failure to meet payments, impersonating a snake, undoing the good deeds of this Chapter, and a lot of other technical things that St. Peter found in the Law Files. And the Lord said, Brother St. Peter, will you prosecute the case? And St. Peter rose and said,

23. This is the case of Alpha Chapter of the Holy Order against Brother Satan on the charges above named, which carry a maximum penalty of expulsion. Need I repeat to the court the story of the enticing of Adam and Eve into the paths of evil? Need I bring up that most foul of desecrations of one of the favored projects of this administration? I think not. Suffice it to say,

"Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?

The infernal serpent; he it was whose guile,  
Stirred up with envy and revenge, deceived  
The mother of mankind . . ."

24. Whereupon the Brethren burst into applause the like whereof had ne'er been heard before, and the men on the earth shivered at the awesome sound. And Gabriel said,

25. Boy, was that good! That speech ought to be written down. I'll bet somebody plagiarizes those last four lines some day, if you don't get credit for it first. And St. Peter said, modestly, Oh, that doesn't matter. And St. Paul arose, saying,

26. But they ought to be written down. They may get lost. I think we ought to let one of the pledges do it. They never do any work, anyhow.

27. And Gabriel said, I move we create a pledge named John Milton in 1608 to write down those lines, and round them out a little on both ends.

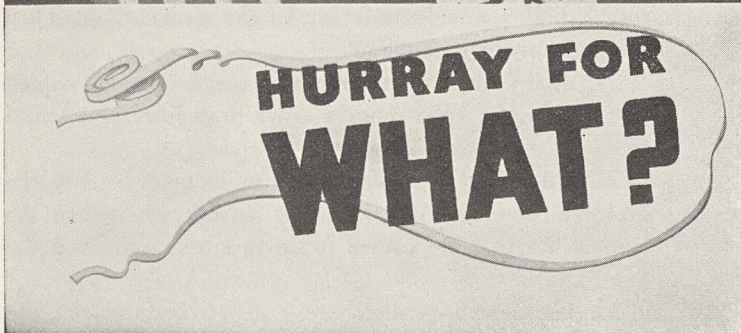
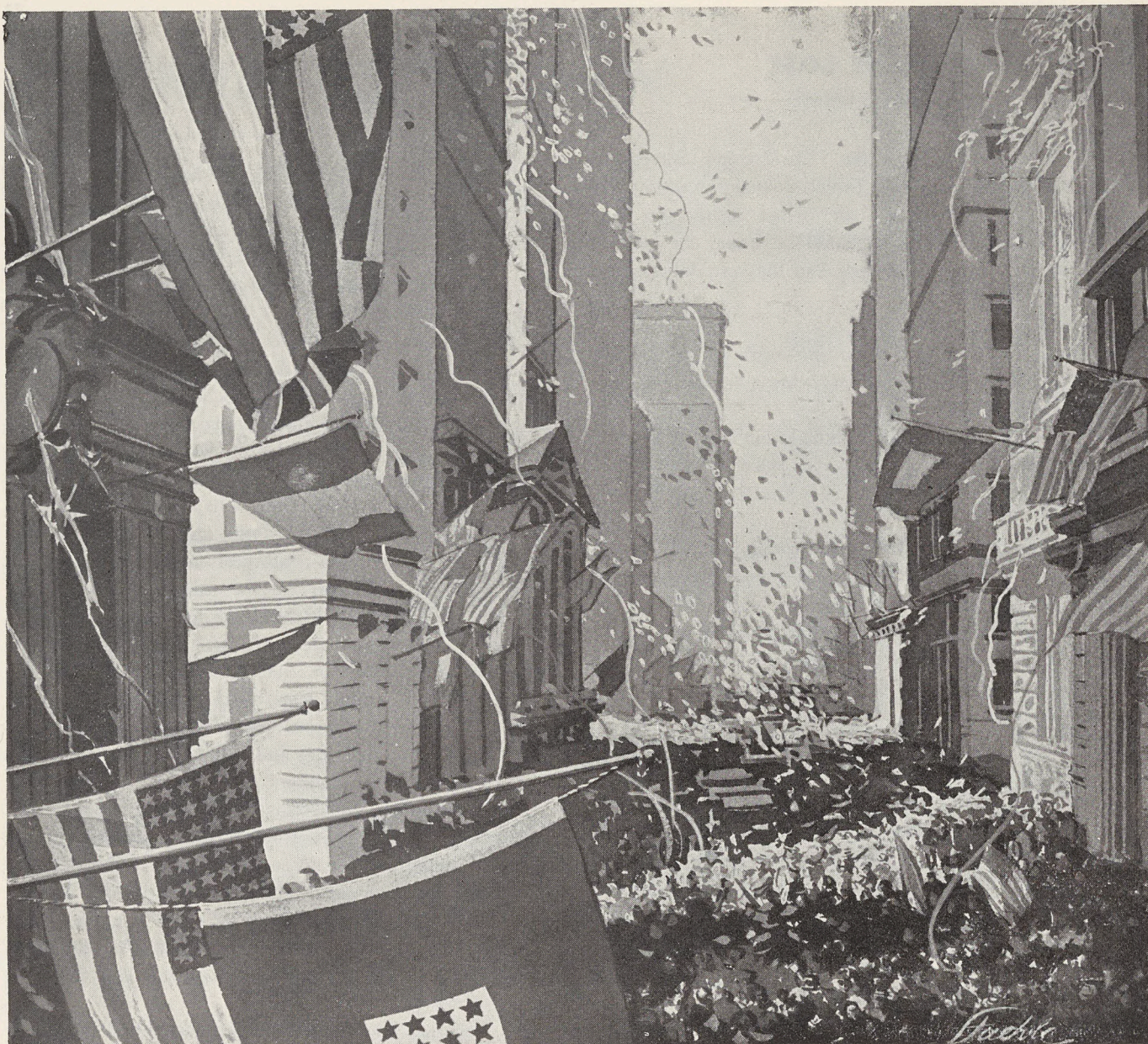
28. And the Lord said, All those in favor? And the brethren shouted, Aye, with one accord, whereupon the men on Earth were caused to shiver once again. And the Lord said,

29. Gentlemen, gentlemen, we seem to be forgetting the business before us. And he rapped loudly with his gavel, and again the very earth trembled. And Satan said, Yes, let's *do* get on with it.

30. And St. Peter hemmed and hawed, and said, Yes. Where were we? And there was a silence, whereafter he said, Oh, yes, the serpent. Well, we all know who is the only one here who could play the part of a devil in snake's clothing. And besides, I talked to two cherubs who were passing by that day, and they told me they saw brother Satan here zipping himself up in a snakeskin with the new patented Talon Non-jamming Slide Fastener. Do we need more proof than that? And the Lord said,

(Continued on page 24)





### The war is over?

Is it over, Mother?—No, your son was killed.

Is it over, little girl with the big blue eyes?—No, your daddy was killed.

Is it over, soldier?—No, you lost a leg.

Is it over, laborer with the horny hands?—No. You, and your children,

and *their* children, and **THEIR** children must lay out their hard-earned dollars in taxes to pay for it!

*So why do we cheer?*

Only the fighting is over. Hearts will go on aching. And men will walk on crutches. And laborers will work and work, and pay and pay — for years. For years, and years, and years.

*Let's not have another war.*

### What to do about it

Hysterical protests won't avert another war, any more than will "preparedness".

Civilization must build its own defense out of human reason and intelligence, properly organized and applied.

To every reasonable and intelligent man and woman in America goes the responsibility of doing his or her share to avert the coming war.

World Peaceways offers a practical plan of how you *can* help. Write for it. There is no obligation involved in your inquiry, except the obligation to your conscience and to your conviction that *there must be* no more wars. World Peaceways, Inc., 103 Park Avenue, New York City.



## MONKEY CHATTER

(Continued from page 11)

It is true that Demi Martin's Face lacerations were the result of plopping on his mug on the cinder path in back of the Beta House. And to demonstrate that feeling of brotherhood which binds the Beta chapter, some of the boys came out and picked him up.

The Kappa Sigs rented a bus to make the rounds in on New Year's eve. Everyone in the party was drinking and having a fine time except the poor bus driver, who according to the rules of the company, had to remain impeccably sober. The boys finally crashed one party which had such tasty refreshments that they all got under the weather and could not make it back to the bus, and so the bus driver wended his sober way back to the bus hang-out. Next year, we hope the Kappa Sigs are much more considerate and find some other means of making the rounds—after all, bus drivers want to celebrate the new year, too.

Tenny, Ollie, Esther, and M.J. gave a very chummy little tea dance at the Roosevelt. Of those there, four stars must go to freshman Rosemary De Voto who looked as sweet and fresh as a frosted glass of egg nog.

And speaking of egg nog, there were more people up at the bar than there were at the dance floor. Bar-Fly Knobeloch was especially filled with Xmas spirit.

The Eliot-K.A. Christmas party was an unqualified success. Big shots from all over the campus attended and everybody said they enjoyed themselves. Of course, not many people knew each other and as a result conversation was at a premium, and also somebody forgot to get the records for dancing and so "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" was about the newest thing in the collection.

But it was fun, no doubt about that. Sally Alexander had a slight touch of galloping consumption and preferred to sit the evening out playing honey-moon bridge with Choate or somebody; Reinhardt and Wilkening bounced in and right out again; Mag Simpson, Chris Donohue and some people we never got around to meet, did a lot of fancy jitter-bug steps; Betty Budke spent the evening around the punch and cookies; Peg Woodlock and Mary Jane Krueger passed the evening glowering at each other; Georgie Smith and his Virginia Bowman just held hands and sighed at each other; Bloom carried on with his one-man campaign to let everybody know that he's in love; Setzekorn, Jean Dicks and cronies played the usual bridge; the punch was not spiked.

Cloak-room scene: Cheese Van Cleave informing the proprietors of Northshore Country Club that he was considering instigating suit for damages to his

once well-blocked fedora, caused by negligence of the cloak room attendants. Cheese has a shrewd legalistic mind, all right.

Alice Lloyd and Maria Quillian are the survivors of a very harrowing experience. It was raining and the girls did not want to get their saddle shoes and accessories all wet so they decided to go through the tunnels from Cupp II to the library. For hours they wandered aimlessly about, from one subterranean passageway to another, trying to find some door through which they could again find their way back to top soil. Finally they came to a door which was all sealed up. They pounded on it with their dainty fists and kicked it with their snow-white saddles and shouted for help with their very-loud sopranos. At last a janitor somewhere heard them, and after a great deal of manipulation, opened the door for them. They found themselves, of all places, in Mc-Millan.

"Well, anyway," our two heroines naively remark, "we kept our saddles dry."

Business Manager Donohue tells the tale of a certain law professor who keeps mouse traps under his desk, not because he particularly objects to the little beasts personally, but because they smell so bad. Anyhow, Donohue went into the professor's office to talk over a weighty copyright matter with him, and as he stood at the desk talking, he unconsciously put his shoe in one of the traps and plop—the trap flew out from under the desk. It was a very intricate device and so he and the professor had to re-set it together. Nothing, Donohue assures us, is more embarrassing than touching off one of your professor's prize mousetraps.

But that was not the end of it. Five minutes later Donohue was back in the office, talking copyright again, when plop! he set off the same trap. Well, that is enough to tire the patience of any law professor, although Donohue had learned how to set the trap by now and did it all by himself before the very eyes of the professor.

If we thought there was any sense in it, we might at this point ask Donohue if he is man or mouse.

By the way, Eliot wants to thank Pat Daily, Ridgley belle, for the donation of some very spiffy Xmas decorations. It made us all feel more in the yuletide spirit to have that long streamer of red running across our office.

Speaking of Pat, she is undoubtedly the only female in these parts who is at present teaching herself the Russian language. And once you've looked through a Russian grammar you can understand why they're always having so much trouble over there. But Pat is happy about the whole thing. "Just think how handy it'll be," says she, "if I should ever go over to the Ukraine." Oh, well.

—A. H.



### ONE NIGHT IN NEW YORK

(Continued from page 16)

was up, they were closing in on him. They had his suitcase, they knew who he was all right. He shuddered, turned away. He felt the pistol jab him in his ribs. He turned, arms in the air.

"Brother," the man said gruffly as he withdrew his finger, "Brother, can you spare a dime?"

● ● ● —Melvin Marx.

### PARADISE LOST

(Continued from page 21)

31. Anybody having any additional evidence will please get it off his chest now. And Gabriel said,

32. O Almighty, do you remember you sent me down to talk to that serpent right after that awful business happened? Well, that serpent said he talked Adam and Eve into eating that apple just for a joke, and I thought something was funny right then. It wasn't what he said so much as his voice and the way he slid along the ground, kind of stiff, like there might be a pitchfork inside of him. Of course, I didn't think much of it at the time, but now that you bring it up...

33. And the Lord said, All right, all right. Is there any more evidence? Whereupon there was no answer, and the Lord said, Satan, what have you to say for yourself?

34. And Satan said, Oh, why bother? You've got me. I did it. It was mostly my idea, but some of the boys helped... Oh, I can see your point. I never will be of any use to you, so why don't you suspend me from the Chapter? Leave me in, and you'll never know what's going to happen next,

"...but of this be sure—

To do ought good will never be our task,  
But ever to do ill our sole delight,  
As being the contrary to His high will,  
Whom we resist."

35. Whereupon there was another burst of applause, at which the earth shivered and shook. And the Lord banged his gavel furiously, making the four and twenty feel ashamed of their ill-considered approbation. But St. Peter said,

36. O, Almighty, I think we should make a resolution to include those lines in this fellow Milton's pledge assignment. And the Lord said, all those in favor please say aye. And the Brethren said, Aye, and then the Lord rapped for order with his gavel, and said,

37. It is my firm belief, and apparently Brother Satan's wish, that he should be expelled from this Chapter. All those in favor, please say, Aye. And the four and twenty, and Satan, said Aye.

38. And the Lord said, Satan, you are no longer a brother. Further, you will no longer be able to enjoy any of the privileges of this Chapter or of its Heaven. And Satan rose up in ire, and said,

39. Hey! I thought I could at least stay in Heaven. And the Lord said, Expulsion from the Chapter is also expulsion from its Heaven. Get thee hence, Satan.

40. And Satan said, But where am I to go? And the Lord said, There are only two choices—earth or purgatory. Which do you prefer?

41. And Satan turned his back and said, Oh... Hell!

42. And he went thither.

### CHAPTER THREE

1. And it chanced that shortly afterward, on the Earth, Cain looked up from plowing his field and said, Boy, that was **some** thunderstorm. Funny there was no rain with it...

—Revised by George C. Smith.

● ● ●

### SWING

(Continued from page 2)

Drums: William "Cozy" Cole (just joined Cab Calloway)

Tenor Sax: Lester Young (Count Basie)

Alto Sax: Johnny Hodges (Duke Ellington)

Trumpet: Buck Clayton (Count Basie)

Some of these names are familiar, others are not; but these men represent the great and near-great in jazz. Critics rate Hodges the greatest alto man in the business, while Young and Clayton are among the best. As far as the public is concerned, it is merely a matter of who gets the most publicity, and in many cases it is those who least deserve it. But these are the men who helped create, who understand, and who give us Swing today.

—L. M. Tough III.

(In the next issue hot bands will be classified, along with the two styles of playing.)



"Darling," he cried in tender tones,  
"I ne'er loved but thee."  
"Then we must part," Virginia said,  
"No amateurs for me."